

INSIDE OF REBELDOM

Life of a Private in the Confederate Army.

By Dr. J. P. Cannon, Co. C, 27th Ala.

Aug. 4.—Last night we had a most agreeable surprise; some time after dark we were informed that some ladies wished to see Bill Sumner, Shell Watts, Jim Chandler and myself at a certain hour in the city. Our informant (a citizen) did not know, and we could not imagine who the ladies were, but having got permission it did not take us long to find the place. To our delight we found Mrs. Sumner, and Miss Matt Watts, just from home. My sister had come with them, but being quite sick they had to leave her at La Grange, 50 miles west of Atlanta. We had heard nothing from home since we left there last April, and were glad indeed to see them, but wondered why they had undertaken such a long and tedious trip.

They told us that soon after the battle of Resaca, they had seen some northern papers which stated that the 27th Ala. was "cut to pieces," almost annihilated, and of course they felt very much distressed, and having waited for months for tidings from us, and hearing nothing, they finally decided to come and see for themselves; but how to get here was the difficulty.

The nearest railroad operated by Confederates, was Columbus, Miss., 140 miles from their homes, and almost in the opposite direction. All the good stock in the country had been taken by the Yankees and guerrillas, but, nothing daunted, they procured two old broken-down horses (that the Yankees would not take) and, with an old buggy and harness by tying with string and ropes, ferried the buggy across the Tennessee River on a skiff, swam the horses over, and came to the country, two in the buggy and one on the extra horse.

They passed through Sand Mountain, and reached Columbus on the fourth day without any serious mishap. There they took the train for Meridian, thence to Montgomery, and on to Atlanta.

We were very much interested in their account of the trip, and enjoyed a long talk about home and friends, often interrupted by sobs and sighs, and many a time, sometimes crying through residences or bursting out of their heads.

Our Mrs. Sumner (she is quite an old lady) would cry every time a shell came near her and say, "Martha, we never will see home again," but Miss Matt was as cool as any of us and asked very much in quieting the old lady's fears; in fact, she felt all her fear at all she did not show it. We staid with them till 1 o'clock, and after partaking of a good supper, but then good night and came back to our places in line.

This morning Jim and I started an application for a 48 hours' leave to visit my sister at LaGrange, and while it was taking the rounds we all made another visit to see Mrs. Sumner and Miss Matt. When we returned our pass had returned too, but disappointed by every officer up to the Major-General, who would not allow it to go any farther.

We were very much disappointed, and I would have given it up, but Jim does not allow anything to check him when he "sees his head." He took it upon him to go, and means to go. Gen. Hood's headquarters, and having it before him said:

"General, there is a pass, as you will see, and I am sure you will give it. I am in the service since 1861, have made a good soldier and always did my duty. My sister has traveled 300 miles, and under great difficulties to see him, is now sick at LaGrange, and I have come to make a direct appeal and ask you to let him go, and I want to see him."

After asking a few questions the General said that although every man was needed in line, under the circumstances he thought it right to grant his request, and his approval. We were very much elated over his success, and it required but a few minutes to get ready. We walked down to East Point and took the train, and in three hours to be in LaGrange, but the Yankees didn't intend for us to have such an easy trip.

Sherman's cavalry made a raid on the railroad below Newnan, tore up the tracks, and when we were about to start, we were stopped, but we didn't mind a little walk of 20 miles. The train went back to Atlanta, and we took it on foot till midnight, when we lay down by the road side and slept till day.

Aug. 5.—At daylight we resumed our journey and reached LaGrange at 10 a. m., found my sister and brother-in-law sitting up, so we put up at her boarding house and enjoyed being in a quiet old town, where we left free to do as we pleased, and where we could hear the guns and cannon and see the shells.

Aug. 6.—The railroad has been repaired and trains running through to Atlanta. At 12 o'clock we took the train and went back, but after we had started I regretted that I did not stay another day, and the more I thought about it, the worse I felt, but luckily the train stopped at LaGrange, three miles from town, and I decided to extend my furlough another day. I jumped off and told Jim he might look for me the next day. When I saw my sister, she was very much surprised and glad, too, for she was very lonely and a little homesick.

Aug. 7.—After another pleasant day and night I had my sister and brother-in-law well and left again for the front, arriving in the afternoon at Atlanta, where I found the boys in the same old ditch and the same old mud. Our cavalry was in the line, and we were in the line of the pickets and sharpshooters going on.

Atlanta, Aug. 8 to 12.—During the past four days no engagement worthy of being called a battle has been fought, but the usual skirmishing and cannonading has been going on, sometimes enforced by a change of the pickets from one side or the other. We have "worked" position several times, but the night of the 11th finds us occupying our old trenches in the western suburbs of the city and the enemy fortified about three hundred yards in our front.

Aug. 12.—The enemy is moving large forces to our left, no doubt endeavoring to swing around our rear and cut the railroad on which we depend for supplies. Our brigade was to-day detached and sent to East Point, six miles southwest of the city, and attached to the 3rd Division, making us the extreme left of the army. As soon as we got our line established picks and spades were brought out and all went to work.

Aug. 13.—The Yanks are still moving to our left, but have not closed in on us yet; consequently we are having a very quiet time, but we are not at all satisfied with our position. We are now in a very quiet time, but we are not at all satisfied with our position. We are now in a very quiet time, but we are not at all satisfied with our position.

Aug. 14.—We were ordered back and took position west of the city near the place we left a few days ago. Had a heavy rain, which cooled the atmosphere and gave us a good sleep.

Aug. 15.—Moved down on the railroad and went to work on the second line of fortifications. Here we are not annoyed by sharpshooters and enjoy a good deal more freedom, not being near most of the ditches like we have been most of the time, only an occasional shell causes us to seek cover, but as soon as the scare is over we are out again.

Aug. 16.—Ordered to East Point again and rejoined Cleburne's Division, now on

The fac-simile is on every wrapper

signature of

of CASTORIA.

completed their object, and quieted down about night, leaving us undisturbed. We got some sleep, having two in a pit; one slept while the other watched, and when daylight came next morning we were over both armies from one end of the line to the other; even the artillery has ceased firing and we have nothing to do but sit in our pits and conjecture what will be the next on the program. It is reported that Sherman has withdrawn from the front of Atlanta, and we surmise that something will happen on the left in a short time.

Aug. 17.—We had another half-night's sleep, taking it by turns as we did the night before. This morning was "What has become of the Yanks?" Not a drum or a bugle could be heard; the pickets were all idle, and everything as quiet as Sunday, but in the afternoon our company was ordered out on a scout and we found out where some of the Yanks were at least.

We had gone something near a mile without seeing anything blue, when suddenly we ran right into a column that was moving to our left. They opened fire on us and we skeddaddled. We made for cover as fast as our legs could carry us regardless of orders, if any were given, until we got out of range. We succeeded in getting out of the scrape with whole skins, barring a few scratches from briars and limbs.

Aug. 18.—We learned that the column advanced yesterday had struck the W. & A. Railroad five miles below East Point, and another is moving towards the M. & A. in our rear. Troops are hurrying down there, and a battle may be expected.

Aug. 19.—Our cavalry driven in and the enemy advancing. A large force of Federal cavalry passed our left and cut both railroads. Our brigade ordered forward and entirely detached from the main line to take the place of the cavalry that is following the raiding party. We are "well-footed" cavalry now sure enough, and may look out for lively times, unless all signs fail.

Aug. 20.—Our cavalry are still after the raiders and we are doing the scouting on the right and left. We are not at all knowing our front, our regiment was ordered on a scout to find them, and before we got back we would have been glad if we hadn't found them. We went about four or five miles through thickets and fields, and on emerging from a large cornfield we ran right into a column of Yankees before we knew it.

It looked like Sherman's whole army must be marching down that road. They seemed somewhat surprised, and not knowing our strength, acted very cautiously, and deploying skirmishers parallel with their line, opened fire on us, which we returned, and it was only a few minutes before we were in a mighty hot place.

We were holding our own pretty well, under the circumstances, when looking to the right we saw a great cloud of dust rising, and there being nothing to obstruct the view soon discerned that it was a body of the enemy (apparently about a brigade) going in both directions. We were a half mile from them and we should have about the same distance to run to pass the point they were making for, so the Colonel, thinking discretion the better part of valor, ordered a retreat.

The Yanks behind us gave a yell and a paring shot which spurred us on, and we went in like a flock of geese. It was "trip and tuck," and only a question of speed and endurance, which should get there first, but we sustained our reputation as cavalry remarkably well and covered that half mile in about as short space of time as Wheeler's best mounted regiment could have done. It was an exciting race, and with the advantage we had of empty haversacks and no incumbrance of baggage we just did win by a close shave.

Having successfully run the gauntlet and reached a place of safety, we rested a short time and then proceeded to hunt up the bridge, and then to our right, and start on a scout about six miles down the railroad, where it was reported the enemy were tearing up the track. Although we were tired from our night march, we fell in with them and made a rapid march to the place, where we found about one hundred yards of the track torn up, but the Yankees were gone.

We retraced our steps through the mud and the rain that had been falling for the last two days, and then to our right, and in this we were disappointed, for our regiment was immediately ordered out as we were even seen.

We had been on the march and on the run all day with empty haversacks and stomachs, and then to have to go on picket all night, the rain still pouring down, we thought was doubling rather too much. Nevertheless, grumbling didn't do any good, so we had to go on.

Aug. 21.—Had a long, dreary, rainy night; stood on picket all night without a wink of sleep, and then to have to go on picket all night, the rain still pouring down, we thought was doubling rather too much. Nevertheless, grumbling didn't do any good, so we had to go on.

Aug. 22.—Our cavalry pressed Kilpatrick so closely that he had to retire to the rear of the Federal army, doing but little damage to his cause. Our cavalry has returned and relieved us, for which we are truly thankful, as acting cavalry "on the line" is a most trying and fatiguing duty, and we do not believe if they would furnish us with good horses, we would not object to the change.

We moved one mile to the right and had to go on picket again, and all the troops in our rear have moved, we know not where, leaving only our thin skirmish line, with no support behind us, and if the enemy should advance.

Aug. 23.—Situation unchanged. No Yanks near enough to bother us, but we are in bad shape to resist them if they only knew it. Cannonading and skirmishing heavy on the right.

Aug. 24.—The enemy is still on the picket line with no support behind us, and our regiment moved to the front and deployed by two 20 pieces apart. We are now near the city, and the pickets are up to their eyes in mud. We are furnished with tools, and each couple is hard at work digging a rifle-pit to protect us from them and the enemy's bullets.

On the left, near East Point, Ga., Aug. 25.—What's the matter on the other side of the river? The Yanks are making such a terrible racket. It seems as if all the hands and drums in Sherman's army are concentrated in our front and all playing at the same time. Evidently they are up to some trick, but noise don't scare him as bad as bullets.

If they only knew that we have nothing to fear from them, they would be glad if they could have an easy thing, but I hope they won't find it out till we get some support to fall back on.

Aug. 26.—The enemy either got disgusted with their noise or concluded they had accomplished their object, and they have ceased to make such a racket.

Aug. 27.—This has been one of the most quiet days of this long and weary campaign on our part of the line. The Yanks have not done anything to do but sit around and listen to the booming of the guns near the city. When the force which has been moving in front of us, and which we do not know, but no doubt we will hear from them before long.

Aug. 28.—The Chaplains, having taken advantage of our resting spell, held a rousing meeting last night, resulting in several accessions to the Christian Association and its mourners.

Aug. 29.—A large force of Federal cavalry passed our left and cut both railroads. Our brigade ordered forward and entirely detached from the main line to take the place of the cavalry that is following the raiding party. We are "well-footed" cavalry now sure enough, and may look out for lively times, unless all signs fail.

Aug. 30.—A battle will be fought somewhere below Atlanta within 48 hours. The bulk of the Federal army has swung around, and it is already in possession, will soon have two of our most important railroads, and unless we can drive them back we will be compelled to evacuate.

It is to be continued.

THE TURN OF LIFE

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the blood were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls for nature's help.

The nerves are crying out for assistance. The erythrocyte compound in time, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

The Vegetable Compound is an invigorating strengthener of the female organism. It builds up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

It does not seem necessary for us to prove the honesty of our statements, but it is a pleasure to publish such grateful words as the following:

"I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."

—MRS. DELLA WATSON, 534 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE LOYAL HOME WORKERS

THE HISTORY TOPICS.

Contributions Are Now in Order on the First Subject.

The Secretary of the Loyal Home Workers, Elsie Pomeroy McIlroy, suggests that the Loyal Home Workers enter upon the study of history. Such a course could be made very profitable to the Loyal Home Workers, provided they are willing to let their part in keeping up the interest. Let us hear from as many as possible who are willing to take up the study, either on individual articles, and who will contribute papers or comments upon the series as it progresses. All communications pertaining to this department, or any other in the Loyal Home Workers, should, in future, be addressed to the Secretary, Mrs. Pomeroy McIlroy, at the Loyal Home Workers, 1010 Broadway, New York City, who will have charge of their publication. If sufficient interest is expressed in the history study, the first number of the series will begin with the first issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE of January, 1898.

The topic in history for the first number will be "Europe at the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th century." This was a wonderful period in the world's history. Columbus and other adventurous sailors were opening up great regions of land and sea. Gutenberg was working over his printing press, and the world was beginning to be a different place. The great forces of civilization and thought, Luther was storming away at the Pope and his Creed. There were Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward, Bloody Mary, and gay Queen Elizabeth. All and many more are to be considered in this topic. For studying this period one has in mind, to understand the beginnings of our own Nation, as Edward Eggleston puts it, knowing Europe's condition, the student begins to understand why priests, trappers, traders, adventurers, forgers, and the like, came to our shores and began this Nation.

Short papers on this subject, treating it generally or particularizing on any one phase of character, will be published if the L.H.W. members will send them in. Any contributor will furnish ample material for the study and ponder over the things of study on the subjects from our well-known friends will make the columns cheerful for this holiday month. Will the members not take heed?

The tradesman who resorts to imitation and substitution deserves no consideration. Show him none. Get what you ask for when you go to buy.

The other day a New Yorker started a new paper, called "The New York Times." He was in the heyday of ambitious, vigorous youth. A puff of wind, and he was gone, leaving behind him an insignificant, almost invisible atom of dust in one of his eyes. It blinded him. He clasped his hands over his eyes and staggered on, only to be run down and killed by a cable car. That man's death was due to an insignificant trifle, an atom of dust that was barely visible under the microscope. It is thus with health. Men find that they are suffering from a trifling disorder, the digestion. It doesn't amount to anything, they think, and time is precious. They don't stop to correct it, but stagger blindly on and are run down in the heyday of ambitious youth by death.

Neglected attention is the first cause of all manner of wasting diseases and all forms of nervous disorders. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all disorders of the digestion. It invigorates the liver, imparts a keen, hearty appetite, and causes the life-giving elements of the food to be perfectly assimilated. It purifies the blood and builds healthy tissue. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder, and nerve tonic. It cures consumption, wasting diseases and all disorders of the nerves.

"I was a sufferer five or six years from indigestion," writes Dr. F. F. Holmes, of Spartanburg, S. C., "also from sour stomach and constipation. I was cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' which in a few days gave me permanent relief."

The People's Common Sense Adviser explains the common ailments common to every family, and suggests remedies. It has several chapters on woman's diseases, weaknesses, and ailments. It is a heavy paper cover will be distributed absolutely free. Send the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., 21-cent envelope to pay the cost of mailing only. Cloth binding may be had for 31 stamps.

COMMENTS BY CONTRIBUTORS.

Loyal Home Workers' Views About Interesting Things.

As an outgrowth of the discussion of names and their meanings, George T. D. McGillicuddy, Akron, O., who traces his ancestry to the Emerald Isle, forwards a legend connected with the naming of the McGillicuddy Reeks, a picturesque mountain range in the south of Ireland.

Mr. McGillicuddy, a landed Irish gentleman, went to visit some friends in England, and took with him an Irish servant with more national pride than fidelity to truth. Whatever he saw among the Englishmen was nothing at all to what might be seen among the Irish.

The Englishman visited by Mr. McGillicuddy had a large extent of rich meadow land, and took special pride in his haystacks. His valet was as proud as himself, and at the first opportunity took his Irish servant to the meadow, and, expecting to see him astonished by the spectacle before him. What was his surprise when Paddy looked on with indifference and coolly said:

"It's a nice bit of grass you've brought home here for present use. Now let us have a peep at the reeks (ricks)." "Ricks!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Wy, these be they."

"Well, then," says Paddy, "I'll just tell you there's about enough hay in this stack-yard to make the bands for thatching my master's reeks."

The following year the Englishman returned the visit of his Irish friend near Kilmarnock, and brought his servant, who soon asked for a view of the haystacks. The Irish servant said he would show them to him with pleasure, but was sorry that he could not take his friend to view them before evening. When the twilight began to fall the two sauntered forth, and the Irishman, pointing to the distant mountain range, said, "There are our reeks," and by that name the mountains have been known to this day, following the Irish pronunciation, "the McGillicuddy Reeks."

There is a saying that one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion. At present the fashion is Hawaiian in character, and if one could talk about the Hawaiian Islands and their relation thereto, he is dreadfully behind the times, and had better hide for a time if he does not wish to be pitted.

Among the many interesting and important facts connected with these interesting islands, is the fact that it is virtually an American colony. In 1819 missionaries were sent to Hawaii from Boston. These missionaries not only taught Christianity, which was readily accepted, but gave the people a written language and founded schools and introduced the arts and sciences. Today there is no place in the world where public schools are so carefully managed as in the Hawaiian Islands. The school forces come from the United States, as do also the doctors and windows, and other lumber used in building the school-houses. The majority of the teachers are American, and all the instruction is given in English.

Our countrymen residing in the Hawaiian Islands are intensely loyal to the United States. During our war of the rebellion, they contributed more than their quota of Americans to the Union army, and now there is a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic located there, and Memorial Day is celebrated there with great enthusiasm. Thanksgiving and Fourth of July are also celebrated there with great enthusiasm.

It is so true that Hawaii has been, and is, a sort of a protégé of the United States, and it would seem cruel to abandon it now.—Alice L. Putnam.

L.H.W. NOTES.

About the Members of the Association and Their Duties.

Topics for Thursdays in December will be as follows: Dec. 16, How We Should Keep Christmas; Dec. 23, New Year Customs; Dec. 30, 1898, A Forward Look.

Miss M. Rose Jansen stopped at Fredonia, N. Y., on her way home from the East. She was the guest of Miss Alice L. Putnam and Mr. Chas. E. Rand. Thursday evening, Nov. 18, Empire Circle, L.H.W., and a few invited guests, assembled at the home of Miss Helen Pettit to meet and greet Miss Jansen. The meeting was made enjoyable with conversation, stories, and songs, and a splendid program of the group was taken by Howard Putnam.

Amelia A. Arnold, Rondont, N. Y., says: "I was very glad to meet so many L.H.W. friends at Buffalo, and God willing, I shall again be with them at Cincinnati. Success to the Loyal Home Workers. Let us have the friendly notes from friends everywhere."

Rose Jansen visited the Arnold family for 10 days in October, and Carrie E. Arnold spent two weeks with her in New York City. It was a strengthening of L.H.W. friendship, greatly prized by all.

Alice L. Nevel reports the marriage of Nellie Swager, of Industry, Pa., and Harry Strauss, of Pittsburgh; wedding at the bride's home by Rev. Gibson, of West Bridgewater. The bride wore white silk and carried white chrysanthemums. She is Secretary of Key-Note Circle, L.H.W. Invited friends to call at her new home, 157 Sixteenth street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Why not get up a Dickens Club? Two or three or four L.H.W. girls can meet every Wednesday afternoon to sew and to read and to talk over "The Tale of Two Cities." Besides the interest of the story itself, there is in this book the restlessness, the fury, the unrestrained of the army of frenzied people in Paris during the French Revolution. It is one of the three great historical novels.

Our youngest member is Pansy Colgan, daughter of James Colgan, of Hampton, Va. She marched in the Inaugural parade of William McKinley at the head of the Union Veteran Legion, and 69th Encampment, in Washington, gave her a pretty gold badge in honor of the occasion. She is 13 years old, and was adopted daughter of Encampment of '91, when she was not quite six years old.

APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

E. S. Dorrance, James T. Armstrong, George W. Ridgely, all of Ironton, O.

PUZZLES AND QUERIES.

Some Problems Which are Really Worth While Working Out.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE presents some puzzling problems in science and natural history, which involve valuable and practical knowledge, and which, when worked out, will add to the worker's store of information on the working of Nature's great laws. Answers to these should be designated by number, as they are numbered, consecutively; the answers given in future issues, and also the names of the most successful solvers.

New Questions.

What is bleaching powder? How many movements has the earth? What was the whippoorwill? What is proof spirit? What is a Geissler tube? What is the so-called "radiometer"? What is the lightest solid (non-porous) body known? What is a "sea-mile"? What is a "aortic aneurism"? What metals are colored?

Answers to questions are postponed for two weeks. It appears that sufficient time has not been given to the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, who are scattered over a very large territory, to answer. Hereafter questions will appear every two weeks after publication of the questions.

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We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents, which will avoid possible counterfeits. When you get it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be dealers, buying and selling. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it. Our References—Dan or Bradstreet, Third National Bank or any business house in Dayton. Hayner Distilling Co., 311 to 317 W. 5th St. Dayton, O.

[We guarantee that the above firm will do as agreed.—EDITH.]

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Dr. Horne Electric Belt & Truss Co., 112-114 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

WANTED: The address of all Federal soldiers' less number of acres than 160 HOMESTEADS, LAND WARRANTS, etc., Box 87, Denver, Col. Enclose stamp. Mention The National Tribune.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, D.D.S., 1010 Broadway, New York City. (Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau, 13 years war, 1861-1865, 1869-1871, 1874-1875, 1878-1879, 1881-1882, 1884-1885, 1887-1888, 1890-1891, 1893-1894, 1896-1897, 1899-1900, 1901-1902, 1903-1904, 1905-1906, 1907-1908, 1909-1910, 1911-1912, 1913-1914, 1915-1916, 1917-1918, 1919-1920, 1921-1922, 1923-1924, 1925-1926, 1927-1928, 1929-1930, 1931-1932, 1933-1934, 1935-1936, 1937-1938, 1939-1940, 1941-1942, 1943-1944, 1945-1946, 1947-1948, 1949-1950, 1951-1952, 1953-1954, 1955-1956, 1957-1958, 1959-1960, 1961-1962, 1963-1964, 1965-1966, 1967-1968, 1969-1970, 1971-1972, 1973-1974, 1975-1976, 1977-1978, 1979-1980, 1981-1982, 1983-1984, 1985-1986, 1987-1988, 1989-1990, 1991-1992, 1993-1994, 1995-1996, 1997-1998, 1999-2000, 2001-2002, 2003-2004, 2005-2006, 2007-2008, 2009-2010, 2011-2012, 2013-2014, 2015-2016, 2017-2018, 2019-2020, 2021-2022, 2023-2024, 2025-2026, 2027-2028, 2029-2030, 2031-2032, 2033-2034, 2035-2036, 2037-2038, 2039-2040, 2041-2042, 2043-2044, 2045-2046, 2047-2048, 2049-2050, 2051-2052, 2053-2054, 2055-2056, 2057-2058, 2059-2060, 2061-2062, 2063-2064, 2065-2066, 2067-2068, 2069-2070, 2071-2072, 2073-2074, 2075-2076, 2077-2078, 2079-2080, 2081-2082, 2083-2084, 2085-2086, 2087-2088, 2089-2090, 2091-2092, 2093-2094, 2095-2096, 2097-2098, 2099-2100, 2101-2102, 2103-2104, 2105-2106, 2107-2108, 2109-2110, 2111-2112, 2113-2114, 2115-2116, 2117